

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University
Ohio State Engineer

Title: Cranks and Countershafts

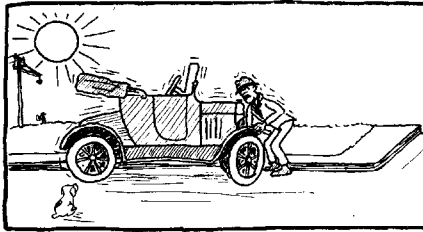
Issue Date: Jan-1926

Publisher: Ohio State University, College of Engineering

Citation: Ohio State Engineer, vol. 9, no. 2 (January, 1926), 31.

URI: <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/33767>

Appears in Collections: [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 9, no. 2 \(January, 1926\)](#)



CRANKS AND COUNTERSHAFTS

DOUBLE-CROSSED

Si: "Yep, I hed a beard like yours once, and when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off, b'gosh."

Hi: "Wal, I hed a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard, by heck."—*Medley.*

Billie: "Pa sent me for a piece of rope like this."

Oilshop Dealer: "How much does he want?"

Billie: "Just enough to reach from the goat to the fence."—*Answers.*

Policeman (producing notebook): "Wot's your name?"

Motorist: "Aloysius Alastair Cyprianus."

Policeman (putting book away): "Well, don't let me catch you again."

They were sitting on the davenport with heads hung low.

"Can't you look me straight in the eye and tell me you didn't do it?" she pleaded.

"No," he gasped, as his glance went over her left shoulder and then her right.

"And to think that I shall never be able to look you in the face as long as I live," she moaned as her gaze missed his face completely.

What a tragedy! They were both cross-eyed.

A VARIETY OF MINTS

Pearl Street Ned: "Why all the chin music, kid?"

Crying Urchin: "Boo, hoho! I—I lost my wad."

Pearl Street Ned: "Gee, that's tough. How much did you have in it?"

Crying Urchin: "One California Fruit and two B-Beechnut."—*Virginia Reel.*

Professor: "Young man, I understand you are courting a widow. Has she given you any encouragement?"

Young Man: "I'll say she has. Last night she asked me if I snored."

ENVY

Sec. 1: "Why did the labor boss fire you from that job?"

Sec. 2: "Well, you know a labor boss is one who stands around and watches his gang work."

Sec. 1: "Yes, yes! What's that got to do with it?"

Sec. 2: "Well, he got jealous of me. People thought I was the boss."

"I gotta fire that office boy."

"What for? He's a hard worker."

"Yes, but he doesn't shoot craps, smoke or cuss, go to baseball games or flirt with the telephone girl, and I'm afraid he's got a stunt up his sleeve to become president."

"So Tom and you are married? Why, I thought it was just a flirtation."

"So did Tom."

NOBODY HOME

"Where is the car?" demanded Mrs. Diggs.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Professor Diggs. "Did I take the car out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it to town."

"How odd! I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who gave me the lift and wondered where he had gone."

"At times," said the girl, "You seem to be manly enough, and then at other times you're absurdly effeminate. Why on earth is this?"

"Er-ah-heredity," he answered

"Heredity?"

"Yes. You see, half of my ancestors were men and the other half women."

Mistress: "You say you worked for the Van Twillers. Can you prove that?"

New Maid: "Well, mum, I can show you some spoons and things with their initials on them."

When the conductor came along, he looked at the Hound Trader's ticket and said, "Look here, you have a ticket for Pittsburgh, and we are headed for Atlantic City, which is exactly the opposite direction."

The passenger promptly replied, "Well, don't bother me about it. You'd better hurry out and tell the engineer."

"The dirty crook," muttered the Frosh, when he got up one morning and found that a burglar had stolen everything from his room except a cake of soap.

Missus: "Has the Professor had his breakfast?"

Maid: "I don't know, mum."

Missus: "Well, ask him."

Maid: "I did, mum, and he don't know either."—*Sanford Chapparral.*

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT

The street car company had announced a reduction of rates under which strips of seven tickets, instead of six as formerly, would be sold for twenty-five cents, and general manager was interviewing a group of irate Scotsmen who had come from a suburb to protest against the reduction.

"I don't think you understand this," the general manager said. "We are lowering the rate, not raising it."

"We know, mon," said the spokesman of the visitors, "but why should we have to walk to town seven times instead of six to save a quarter?"

Mother was unpacking Don's suitcase and found a pawn ticket hanging upon his coat. "Don, what is this tag doing on your coat?"

Don: "Oh, I was at a dance, mother, and checked my coat."

A moment later she came upon the trousers similarly tagged. With a puzzled look she inquired:

"Don, what sort of a dance was that?"